ATKINSON'S EVENING POST,
AND PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY NEWS.

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Written for the Evening Post and Saturday News.

THE ORPHAN.

The sun had set;
And beautiful upon the western sky,
Those up his parting light, white pillared clouds
Snow-white as angel's garb, were watching round
His golden couch, and seemed as though they had
All gathered there at that sweet hour, to take
A fond adieu of him—to drink his rays
Of glory, and to bask in loveliness
Before his setting smile. The blushing sky,
As if it taken of its bitter grief
For its departed lamp began to shed
Its silver tears.

Fair Ella stood alone
Beside her bower of vine, just leaning on,
Its tender twigs and flowers. Her locks of jet
Curled gaily, and they floated loosely on the breeze,
As now even roving on her cad not know
Of so—ver whiteness; and her brilliant eyes
Bright, whose sweetly through some tears
Of woe, that rested on them, and bespoke a soul
But his fair place; youth's soft and crimson rose
Bloomed on her cheeks, and she looked bright enough
To be'd companionship with animal ones.
Earth laid before her, beautiful and gay
In spring-time's lively robes, made fairer by
Twilight's calm hour, and one might think a soul
As high and pure as her's did banquet on
The beauty of that scene, that met her eye.
But not so then. Though dearly she did love
Sweet nature's charms, and oft drank happiness
From them pure and unmixed. Yet this was not
The time; for grief's dark shadow rested then
Upon her soul. She'd lost her parents dear—
The kindest of her earthly friends. She then
Poured forth her soul.

My bliss upon this world is o'er—
My sun of joy has early set,
And it no one shall rise no more
Till I and my dear parents meet.

The strongest ties that e'er could bind
My weary worn spirit here,
Are broken, and it cannot find
Bliss, or pleasure, on this sphere.

Earth's light to me is quenched and gone;
And sought remains but tears and gloom;
Through life's joyless waste, alone
I wander, sorrowing to the tomb.

Parents! who are now partaking
Of the precious joys above—
In His holy presence waiting
For the daughter of your love,

Life's heavy ills and bitter pain
A little while I yet shall bear;
And then on bliss we'll meet again
Where never death shall part us more.

Thus who hath lost a parent, or a friend
Endeared to him by kindness, or by worth—
The sore of deep affliction can tell
Upon this nether world, knowest of the grief
A dolorous which wrung the Orphan and
Of fair and lovely Ella. S. S.

Bristol, 4th month, 1839

Tales Illustrating the Passions.

BY G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ.

JEALOUSY.

Concluded.

"We were married, and for three short months, so short, that if all life had passed like them, it would have seemed but as a flash of lightning, bright, never to be forgotten, but gone as soon as seen. For three short months I lived in one ecstatic dream of joy. I hung upon his looks, I fed upon his smiles. The beauty of all other things, of the sky, the earth, the fair face of nature itself, was forgotten to gaze upon his graceful form, as it moved in majesty among my father's halls. The sound of his voice filled them with harmony, his eyes lighted them up, as if for a continual festival. Let not any one say, that, by nature, I was jealous. Oh, no! I was proud of his superiority in all things, and lovely, bend over them with his proud smiling lip, and speak the words of graceful courtesy, without one pang, without one apprehension. I have seen beauty striving for his notice, and coquetry displaying all her arts, and have laughed in the haughty knowledge of knowing him my own—in the calm, glad pride of feeling that his every thought, and wish, and emotion, were for me. Oh, no! I was not jealous by nature! I will not believe it! I did not think it. I hope it was not so!

"No, no! I was horribly, cruelly deceived!

"But let me go on, and tell you how those months were all felicity. At the end of that time there came a rumor that the plague had again appeared in Florence; and all the neighboring nobles prepared to shut themselves within their dwellings, and avoid the contagion. I asked him what he intended to do. He said, 'in the first instance, I intend to go down to Florence, and ascertain the truth.' Then, he added, throwing his arms around me, 'then, my Laura, we must do our duty. I blame not those who shrink, having children to depend upon them, to shield, and to protect. We have none; and our course is straight forward. How I shall bear it, I know not; but, when I have gone into the hottest, often as I have confronted death, I never yet took all that I loved on earth along with me, I never yet hazarded, at every step, a life I value so much beyond my own. Say, Laura, can you make up your mind to go with me, among the wretched and the dying, and to share, if need be, a pestilent bed, parched tongue of him, stricken by pestilence, to soothe the dying hour, to smooth the couch of agony, to gaze upon livid torments that may be our next moment, and encounter at every step the baleful plague in its most frightful form?'

"'I obey,' I said, returning the embrace in which he held me. 'Henry, it may wake all the terrors of my mortal nature; it may shake the feeble limbs, and unnerve the woman's frame; but it shall not affect my heart. Whither thou goest will I go; fly fate that thou encounterest will I encounter; I shall be thine, Henry, through life—thine unto death itself!'

"On his return from Florence, he somewhat relinked our apprehensions. The skilful had declared that the fever which then raged, though like the plague, was not the plague; but still it increased, and it spread through the country, still it approached nearer to our dwelling. The sons came when our resolution was to be put to the proof. We went into the cottages, we visited the sick and the dying, we encountered many a fearful sight and many a horrible scene; but we felt a pride and a pleasure in so doing; we felt a joy in doing so together.

"At length, when the scourge was somewhat abated, we returned home one day, after riding out to gain the free air upon the mountains; it was our first relaxation we had known; but, when we came home, I saw that my husband's cheek was pale, and twice he put his hand to his brow. My heart throbbed terribly as I marked that gesture, and gazed upon that look. He passed the night in feverish tossings to and fro; and, by the next morning, the wild delirium of the sickness was upon him.

"I left not his bedside; I tended him night and day. With a heart thrilling with every motion of his fevered frame, I watched him, and with a love, oh! how deep—how intense—how terrible! Would I had not done so; would I had left him to the hands of the mercenary! But I could not do it, and I was fearfully rewarded! While the delirium was yet strong upon him, he spoke wildly of many things; and I saw that still his wandering mind turned back to the events of his past life. He gave his commands as in the battle; he addressed imaginary monarchs on the events of policy; he rioted with old companions of sports long past away. Sometimes it was all clear and distinct, sometimes it was but murmuring confusion. At length, I think it was on the morning of the fourth day, he raved more vehemently than ever, and his words were fierce and angry. Dark and bitter reproaches hung upon his lip, and poured forth many a cutting, many a sorrowful rebuke to some one, for lost honor, and dark ingratitude and love but ill requited. Then came a woman's name, murmured in the tone of deep though sorrowing affection. He spoke it thrice; and the third time he called Heaven to witness how nobly he had loved her! That name was not mine! and an assassin's dagger would have been mercy compared with that sound.—He, then, had loved another! I was not his first choice of his heart: the first deep feelings of his bosom had been another's; she was still revered—nay, perhaps, still loved! 'Oh, Maria, Maria!' he had cried, 'how truly, how nobly did I love thee!' and the sound rang in my ears for ever! He had loved another! In the early spring of youth; in the green vigor of passion; in the fresh beauty of the heart's sweetest feelings, he had loved another! He might love me on better motives—he might love me wisely nobly, well; he might love me with judgment as well as with passion! But what was all that to the fresh thoughtless ardor of his youth!

"Oh, God! how my heart did ache for many a long day, and many a weary night, after I had heard that name! And yet I strove to do what was right: I struggled hard to moderate my feelings, to crush out that memory from my thoughts, to be to him to feel to him, as if the treacherous delirium had never betrayed to me the unnatural secret of his bosom. I struggle hard; and, luckily, the fever lasted some days longer ere he regained any degree of consciousness. My father attributed the sadness of my countenance to anxiety for my husband's life; the attendants thought that I was wearing myself down to the grave with laboring to save him from it; but none knew the adder's fang that rankled in my heart. My father had been absent when those words were pronounced; and they had been spoken, not in our own sweet tongue, though he used it commonly like a native of the land, but in the language of his own country, which the servants understood not. The secret—the painful secret rested with me alone—the drop of poison fell upon the very heart which had no antidote.

"At length, the crisis of the fever passed; and he began to travel back the path from the grave's gates to the bright land of life; but that illness had taken from him, and from me, that which no after time could restore. Not that I loved him less; oh, no, no! I loved him more—more deeply—more ardently than ever, because more painfully. But it had taken from him the bounding confidence with which my heart had always sprung to meet him, the free expansive trustfulness of all my thoughts and all my feelings poured unreserved into his bosom. From me it had taken the bright, happy, fearless certainty of being loved—of having been loved alone. The sky of our united being was no longer all bright; and the first time he pressed me to his arms after that long illness, oh, how sadly, how bitterly, did I feel that there had come a change upon me!

"He recovered fully; and far from enfeebling, far from injuring him, the fever seemed to have left him more beautiful, more strong, more graceful than before. The peasantry came in crowds to see him, and to bless him: and, as he moved among them, my heart felt proud, my spirit was glad; but still, as it rejoiced, a voice I could not silence repeated the hated name in my ear. I strove, as I have said, to conquer all such thoughts; I tried to act, and think, and feel, as I had done before; but I could not do so altogether, though I succeeded in part; I was graver than I had been, a touch of melancholy would come upon me, and he remarked it. Then he would soothe me, and gaze upon me with a tenderness that could not be mistaken, and would accuse himself of having subjected me to scenes and duties too much for my gentle and compassionate nature. At other times, too, he would declare I had injured my health in tending him, and he would press me to his heart, and gaze into my eyes, and strive to repay me by deep devotion.

"Thus he deceived himself as to the cause of the change he beheld; but there was one who saw more deeply, though he saw not yet aright. My father marked the sadness that had come over me; and often would I catch his eyes first fixed upon me with a look of inquiring thought, and then turn toward my husband, while a frown gathered on the brow above them. One day, too, when we were alone together, he took me in his arms, and gazing tenderly upon me, he said, 'Laura, my beloved child! thou art not so happy as thou deservedst to be! I doubt, I fear, that we have been both mistaken. Tell me, is thy husband such unto thee as thy father's heart could wish?' and as he spoke there came a flashing fury from his eyes, which showed how deep, how strong was that parental love which caused the question.

"I gazed on him in return for a moment, and I could have burst into tears, but I knew that to do so would only confirm suspicions which were false and groundless, and, therefore, I struggled to repress the drops that would have fain gushed forth. 'Laura,' he added, seeing that something strove within me, and kept me silent; 'Laura; I adjure thee by a father's love, to tell me the truth! I have sighed when I should have rejoiced; I have seen what I gave: and, oh, if he abuse it, severely shall he reckon with me!'

"'Father,' I replied, 'never in life did I tell you a falsehood! and I tell you now, that he is all that is noble, and good, and kind—all that your heart could wish him. I may not be as well as I have been,' I added, wishing to avoid further questions; 'I may not be so well; and it is in vain to deny, that my sensations are not so cheerful; but it is mere sensation, for on my life, I do believe, that there is not any thing on earth my husband would not do to make me happy.'

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"It was one bright evening in the midst of May, and my husband sat beside me in the portico, with his arms cast lightly round me; while my father, at a little distance, sat reading some tale of classic lore. We gazed over that beautiful valley, and our thoughts held communion together on all the bright things before us. Some rain had fallen on the preceding day, and had swelled the river, so that the eye caught it glittering among the trees as it wound round the bases of the wooded hills. The light evening wind waved the long branches of the chestnuts, and pointed their leafy fingers toward the glowing west: and the elves etching the mount, on which stands the Convent of the Trinity, bending before the breeze, seemed to scatter a purple dust from their light branches as they waved to and fro. The convent, itself, stood out upon the bright sky, with tower, and pinnacle, and wall, in clear dark masses, and not far before us, amid the breaking the sweeps of forest, the graceful lines of the Villa Montaresi, which my husband still possessed, though he had ceased to inhabit it. Seldom have I beheld that beautiful scene look more lovely than at that moment, and, as with few words but many thoughts, we commented on the beauty, a calm but entrancing joy pervaded both our hearts, and came like balm, especially to mine.

"'Laura,' said my husband, at length, 'do we not feel alike, beloved! do we not feel that there is some sympathetic harmony between every thing in external nature and the world of our own hearts? Do we not feel, that in all the changes and varieties that are brought over the face of the grand universe, some mighty musician is but playing, as on an instrument, drawing forth from the chords of the human heart sweet sounds as he touches every stop in nature? With what gay music do our bosoms ring at the sight of the bright and glittering dawn of summer! how deep and awful are the sounds struck from the chords within our breasts, as we gaze upon the grand sublimity of the passing storm! and, when we look over a scene like this, in the tranquil loveliness of its evening repose, is it not as if memory sang within us the calm requiem of one departed years?'

"I listened, and looked up with love; and he went on:—'It is a blessed thing, a sweet and blessed thing, that power of memory, which takes the poison out of painful things, and leaves the healed wound tender, but still closed. Were I to tell the story of my past life, I would choose such an evening, and such a scene as this.'

"'Let it be now, let it be now!' I exclaimed, clasping my hands eagerly.

"'Well, it shall be so, beloved,' he replied; 'there may be painful things in the history, but I have often thought to tell it to you; and I will tell you now.'

"At that very moment he was interrupted by one of the attendants, who came to inform him that a stranger at the gate desired to speak to him. He instantly bade the servant admit the person of whom he spoke; and a man was ushered in, clothed in somewhat rude and travel-worn garments, and with a face burned by exposure to many a summer sun. His sudden appearance moved my husband as I had never seen him moved before. He first turned deadly pale, then red; laid his hand upon the hilt of his sword, and then, letting it go again, held up his finger to the stranger as if to enjoin silence. The next moment he addressed him in a tongue which I did not understand; and, long in vehement conversation. I saw my husband give the stranger gold; I saw him point too, to the Villa Montaresi. They then walked down into the gardens below, and we could hear their voices conversing until night fell, and all was darkness: the stranger then departed, and my husband returned to the saloon; but he was agitated, absent, strange, and, after a few moments, painful to us both, he retired into his cabinet to write.

"I too, was moved; I, too, was agitated; I, too, was full of agonising thoughts and emotions, over which reason owned no control. Memory, which we had both thought so sweet now acted the part of a torturing fiend. That name, that fatal name which he had pronounced in the ravings of the fever, rang in my ears for ever. It banished sleep from my couch, peace from my heart; the silence of the night echoed it back upon me; the solitude of my own chamber became peopled with fearful images.

"It was long before my husband sought repose; and when he did so, he thought I slept, and spoke not to me. But I slept not, and the dawning of the morning appeared gray in the sky before I closed my eyes. Then weariness overpowered me, but when I woke my husband was gone. Rising, I called my women, and dressed myself hastily, sending one of the maidens to ask of his attendants where was the chief! The reply was, that he had gone forth to hunt; but I felt and knew it was a falsehood!

"My heart throbbed as if it would have burst; my brain seemed on fire, I trembled in every limb; and the throneman who strove to fix my bracelets on, could scarcely clasp them for several minutes, so violently was my whole frame shaken. I knew not what to do—I knew not how to act. A thousand vague, wild projects rushed across my brain, and seemed ready to distract me. At one time I intended to go down to the Villa Montarino instantly, and see if he were there; at another, I thought that I would send servants to follow the track of his horse's feet; at another I determined to go and cast myself at my father's feet and tell him all—all my suspicions, all my jealousy, all my apprehensions; but then, I asked myself, what could I tell him! he had seen the stranger as well as I had; he had remarked my husband's conduct too. I strove to calm myself; I strove to reason against my passion; but what is reason against such feelings—against such madness as I then felt!

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"'Laura,' said my husband, at length, 'do we not feel alike, beloved! do we not feel that there is some sympathetic harmony between every thing in external nature and the world of our own hearts? Do we not feel, that in all the changes and varieties that are brought over the face of the grand universe, some mighty musician is but playing, as on an instrument, drawing forth from the chords of the human heart sweet sounds as he touches every stop in nature? With what gay music do our bosoms ring at the sight of the bright and glittering dawn of summer! how deep and awful are the sounds struck from the chords within our breasts, as we gaze upon the grand sublimity of the passing storm! and, when we look over a scene like this, in the tranquil loveliness of its evening repose, is it not as if memory sang within us the calm requiem of one departed years?'

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"'Let it be now, let it be now!' I exclaimed, clasping my hands eagerly.

"'Well, it shall be so, beloved,' he replied; 'there may be painful things in the history, but I have often thought to tell it to you; and I will tell you now.'

"At that very moment he was interrupted by one of the attendants, who came to inform him that a stranger at the gate desired to speak to him. He instantly bade the servant admit the person of whom he spoke; and a man was ushered in, clothed in somewhat rude and travel-worn garments, and with a face burned by exposure to many a summer sun. His sudden appearance moved my husband as I had never seen him moved before. He first turned deadly pale, then red; laid his hand upon the hilt of his sword, and then, letting it go again, held up his finger to the stranger as if to enjoin silence. The next moment he addressed him in a tongue which I did not understand; and, long in vehement conversation. I saw my husband give the stranger gold; I saw him point too, to the Villa Montaresi. They then walked down into the gardens below, and we could hear their voices conversing until night fell, and all was darkness: the stranger then departed, and my husband returned to the saloon; but he was agitated, absent, strange, and, after a few moments, painful to us both, he retired into his cabinet to write.

"I too, was moved; I, too, was agitated; I, too, was full of agonising thoughts and emotions, over which reason owned no control. Memory, which we had both thought so sweet now acted the part of a torturing fiend. That name, that fatal name which he had pronounced in the ravings of the fever, rang in my ears for ever. It banished sleep from my couch, peace from my heart; the silence of the night echoed it back upon me; the solitude of my own chamber became peopled with fearful images.

"It was long before my husband sought repose; and when he did so, he thought I slept, and spoke not to me. But I slept not, and the dawning of the morning appeared gray in the sky before I closed my eyes. Then weariness overpowered me, but when I woke my husband was gone. Rising, I called my women, and dressed myself hastily, sending one of the maidens to ask of his attendants where was the chief! The reply was, that he had gone forth to hunt; but I felt and knew it was a falsehood!

"My heart throbbed as if it would have burst; my brain seemed on fire, I trembled in every limb; and the throneman who strove to fix my bracelets on, could scarcely clasp them for several minutes, so violently was my whole frame shaken. I knew not what to do—I knew not how to act. A thousand vague, wild projects rushed across my brain, and seemed ready to distract me. At one time I intended to go down to the Villa Montarino instantly, and see if he were there; at another I determined to go and cast myself at my father's feet and tell him all—all my suspicions, all my jealousy, all my apprehensions; but then, I asked myself, what could I tell him! he had seen the stranger as well as I had; he had remarked my husband's conduct too. I strove to calm myself; I strove to reason against my passion; but what is reason against such feelings—against such madness as I then felt!

"At length, however, I became calm enough to go down into the saloon; my father was standing there, gazing from the window, and his brow was clouded too; but, though he gazed upon me long and earnestly, he took no notice of my paleness, my agitation—no, nor of my tears, for I could not repress them, and I wept. We took the morning meal together alone; and immediately after it was finished, he said to one of the attendants, 'Are my horses ready?'

"'Not yet, my lord,' replied the man: 'but there is old Anetta waiting without, earnestly seeking to speak with the Lady Laura.'

"At the very mention of any one seeking to speak with me at that moment, my heart fluttered as if it had been the premonitions of death; and in a voice the man could scarcely hear, I bade him take the old woman to my apartments. She had been my nurse, and, now lived in her son's house near the Convent of the Trinity. No sooner did she see me, than she came forward and kissed me; and, as I had no words to ask her errand, she poured forth without further inquiry, exclaiming, 'Alack, lady! alack, my dear child! we all did think that thou hadst got a husband, such as is not to be found in all the world; but, well-a-day! men have all their faults.'

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"'Laura,' he said, 'I knew the whole early this morning; and I am prepared, even now, to avenge you—to avenge you, both upon him who has slighted thee, and upon the woman who could give and, oh, if he abuse it, severely shall he reckon with me!'

"'Father,' I replied, 'never in life did I tell you a falsehood! and I tell you now, that he is all that is noble, and good, and kind—all that your heart could wish him. I may not be as well as I have been,' I added, wishing to avoid further questions; 'I may not be so well; and it is in vain to deny, that my sensations are not so cheerful; but it is mere sensation, for on my life, I do believe, that there is not any thing on earth my husband would not do to make me happy.'

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"But there may be presently," said Sifter, "and I may as well be in readiness close to the study-door. Do you like?" And up stairs went Sifter.

"Sir Simon's poor cousin must be very cold," said the compassionate Mrs. Lecer. "Suppose we ask him in, and have a little chat with him, Mr. Lubberly?"

"Suppose we do," said Lubberly. No sooner said than done; and behold! Lumpy, Sir Simon's short, fat coachman, installed in a chair at the fireside. Instantly the order was "all hands to the pump;" as a sailor would say.

"Rather a shy turn-out of yours, master coachee; a-hem, I take it, eh?" said Lubberly.

"All jolly'd," replied Lumpy, in a dull, drawling voice: "all jolly'd, both carriage, and horses, and me. But this sort of driving don't suit me—I shall give it up—the sooner the better."

"And what may that be?" inquired Lubberly.

"Why, driving a hearse," replied Lumpy. "For your real amateur that loves his team, to be driving like it—safe and steady. But galloping over the country, is a thing I'm not used to! I'm always afraid of doing an injury, either to myself or my inside customer, which was not so before."

"Who's this Sir Simon, and where does he live?" inquired Lecer.

"He's a country-gentleman now; was a West-India merchant; comes in Wilshire; came to town a-purpose to look ready-furnished lodgings in Sackville-street, at four guineas a week, for a week certain—at least, so his confidential valet tells me," said Lumpy.

"Is he married, or single, and what relations has he?" inquired Lubberly.

"Ay, and what's his business in town?" added Mrs. Lecer.

Coachee replied, "He's a widower, and has got no relations but a nephew he's very fond of, who ran away because he wouldn't marry a girl the Sir-mon chose for him at Bath; and he's so serious in love as to marry your young lady, and lent some money to her father who is rather shaky—at least, all this is what his confidential valet tells me."

"What sort of person is he?" asked Mrs. Lecer.

"Quite an oddity, who never does any thing like other gentlemen," said the confidential valet to his one. What do you think? I'm ordered to be in Sackville-street at half past eight this morning. Out comes Sir Simon, dressed as if he wasn't worth a groat, and orders me to drive to the corner of Langham-place. Out he gets, orders me to wait there for him, and away he walks. Well: in about half an hour, he comes back all in a flutter, and orders me to drive off to a corn-chandler's, at the sign of the Wheatsheaf, in Great Portland-street."

"There we fix him, Mr. Lubberly," said Mrs. Lecer; "it is the same man; and if he wasn't a charming chap and meaning to all we said all the while, I'm a Dutch-woman."

"Well," continued Lumpy, "the man what belongs to the shop comes to the carriage, and says Sir Simon, says he, 'What's your second-floor lodger's name?'"

"'Smith,' says the man.

"'I want to see him,' says Sir Simon.

"'He's not at home,' says the man; 'and he didn't sleep at home last night.

"That was enough!" said Lumpy in conclusion. "Sir Simon falls back in his carriage as if he had been struck with a mortal blow; goes in and changes his dress, and then comes and orders me to drive him here."

"Why," exclaimed Mrs. Lecer; "the more we discover, the more mysterious! this business grows!"

Sister now returned, almost flying, down the stairs. A short time sufficed to introduce him to Lumpy, and to acquaint him with all that he had informed them of.

"I haven't been idle," said Sifter; "but they spoke so low that although I listened with all my might, I could only catch a word here and there. However, it proves that what this gentleman has told us is true! 'Don't talk to me about marriage settlements,' said Sir Simon; 'till this mysterious affair of the man in the cloak—Mr. Smith, as he turns out to be—is cleared up.'—I have seen a friend of this Mr. Smith than you do; I am ignorant of the matter,' said Sir Matthew, 'and am as anxious to clear it up as you can be. As for my daughter, I'll answer for her with my life.'—Then, you have deceived me respecting your fortune; your firm is tottering?' said Sir Simon.—Bub! would you rain me?' said Sir Matthew. 'No,' said Sir Simon; 'as an old friend I would save you, and I am willing to advance the thirty thousand provided—'

"Well! what?" exclaimed the others, all in a breath.

"There I am at fault," replied Sifter; "for at that instant I fancied I heard Sir Matthew coming to the door, so away I scampered."

Mr. Lumpy, inferring from this supposition that his employer might presently require his services, thought it best to take his leave, and resume his seat on his coach-box.

"We have discovered that the man in the cloak was Mr. Smith, was a satisfactory discovery—as far as it went; but the continued ingenuity of our three worthies was insufficient to determine which, of all the Smiths in London, this Smith could be. In that respect, therefore, the mystery was still a mystery; and we must for a little while, leave them in their perplexity.

CHAPTER IV.

"Inquire for me?—Plain green chariot?—fat coachman?" in a tone of astonishment said the mysterious man in the cloak to Mr. Grim, the corn-chandler. "By what name did he inquire for me?"

"He did not know your name, sir," replied Grim; "he asked me, what was the name of my second-floor lodger?—Smith, sir, said I.—That was nothing: but when I told him you did not sleep at home last night, I thought he would have fainted."

"What sort of person was he?" inquired Mr. Smith.

"Why, sir, he—but if you'll walk fast you'll overtake him before he gets to the end of the street, for he has not been gone two minutes, and your coachman drives for all the world as if he was driving a hearse."

"Most mysterious! Who can he be? What can he want?" thought Mr. Smith, as he trotted off in pursuit of the carriage. This he presently overtook. Muffled up in his cloak he gave one glance to it at the window; and the degree of his astonishment may easily be imagined when we say, that he clapped his hands and exclaimed, "Oh, Heavens!"—an exclamation which is allowed to be perfectly innocent every where except on the stage, where it is denounced as a mere blasphemy.

He followed the carriage again to Sackville-street; and, anxious, and doubtful what course to adopt, he waited near the house entered by the person who had caused his astonishment. After the lapse of about half an hour, the person (who our readers are now aware was Sir Simon Peacock) again got into the carriage, and Mr. Smith again followed it, still, to the indescribable consternation of Mr. Smith, it stopped at the door of Sir Matthew Moonshine.

"Then all is discovered!" exclaimed Mr. Smith; and, in an agony of alarm, he fled forward, unconscious of whither he was going. But Portland-place is a very nice place for any body in an unhappy state of mind, when his eyes are of but little use to him; for, from its width, a madman might run from one end of it to the other, and back again, without danger of doing harm to himself or any one else—if the nursery-maids would but keep the little children out of his way. Onward he went till he reached the New Road, when his progress was impeded by an omnibus. This momentary pause brought him a little to a recollection of himself. He retraced his steps. There was the plain green chariot at the door. Unable to determine what had best be done, he paced up and down the street during the time occupied by the events narrated in the preceding chapter. At length, incapable of controlling his excited feelings, and scarcely knowing what he did, he knocked at the door, which being opened, he rushed into the hall.

"The man in the cloak!" cried Sifter, recoiling with alarm as if he had seen a ghost.

"The cloak! the cloak!" responded Mrs. Lecer and Lubberly.

"Be not alarmed, my good people; 'tis all right," cried Mr. Smith, in a voice trembling with agitation. He threw three sovereigns among them, and flew down the kitchen stairs.

"It's the sponge he's after," said Lubberly, quietly putting one of the sovereigns into his pocket.

"Shall we give the alarm?"

"Sponge! Fiddlesticks!" said Mrs. Lecer, following the example so laudably set by the last speaker. "He seems to know the ways of the house well enough. *Back stairs*, take my word for it, and that's the way to them. I tell you what: my room opens into my young lady's, so I'll go up and do a bit of needlework." And away she went.

"A perfect gentleman, at any rate," said Sifter, pocketing his share of the donation. "If he should be discovered, I'll swear *I* don't know how he got into the house. Won't you, Mr. Lubberly?"

"In course," replied Lubberly; "till I'm black in the face."

In less than three minutes, Mrs. Lecer returned, and tossing her head with an air of virtuous indignation, she thus began: "Pretty doings! For my part, I'll not stay in the house, but will give warning the very moment I hear of a better place. Who would have thought it? Miss Juliana, of all people!"

"You don't say so!" exclaimed both the gratemers.

"Yes, I tell you," said the lady. "Scarcely had I reached my own room and got my eye comfortably to the key-hole, when Miss Juliana's door bounces open, and in rushes Smith."

"'Oh, my dear Juliana,' cries he; 'all is discovered!'

"'Then we two ruined, my dear Walter!' says my young lady; and, hearing out sobbing, what did she do but throw herself into his arms!—Oh, Mr. Sifter! Oh, Mr. Lubberly! I'm afraid there's no longer any virtue in the world, except in our own."

"Right, Mrs. Lecer," said Sifter, looking his tender at her; "and for that reason I have made up my mind never to marry a lady of quality."

"And thing to happen in a respectable family," said Lubberly, with a groan, which was the nearest approach he could make to a sigh.

"I can't say I'm much astonished," said Sifter; "and though I grieve from the bottom of my soul, I always had my eye on picions."

"And a banker's daughter!" said Lecer. "A poor lady's-maid, now, would have lost her place through it."

"But what said Smith when Miss Juliana said, 'Then we are ruined!'" inquired Sifter.

"That I can't say," replied Mrs. Lecer; "for just then, my lady came suddenly into my room, and said in a huff, 'What are you doing there, Lecer?' Of course, says I, 'I was only kneeling down to fix my shoe-buckles, my lady.' Now, whether she overheard something, and came to listen herself, I can't tell; but hearing a strange voice in the next room, and a sort of mumble-mumble-mumble going on, she turned as pale as death, and sank down into a chair. However, she pressed me out of the room, and desired me not to come again till I was rung for."

"Walter Smith," muttered Lubberly, inferring to the "Court Guide," in the hope of discovering something touching the mysterious visitor; but in vain. He slowly down his short, snappy face—from down the many pages of Johns, Thomas, and Williams, but there was no Walter to be found.

"Try the Stuffs, with a p," said Sifter.

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Lecer; "do you think it possible that any gentleman who spells his Smith with a p, much less with an e at the end of it, would bestow himself by lodging at a corn-chandler's. He is nothing but a Smith with an e, only upon it."

No lady's-maid dwelling in all London, could have evinced a more profound knowledge of the "vastly genteel," than did Mrs. Lecer by this observation.

Lady Moonshine had not gone to Lecer's room for the purpose of listening, for she had not the slightest suspicion of any conversation going on worth the trouble of listening to; but hearing a man's voice, where a man's voice ought not to be to been heard, she conceived it to be her duty to remain.

"But how could you be so imprudent, Walter, as to come here in broad daylight?" Miss Juliana made no deduction for the dense fog. However, we must not be over particular about what is given to us for daylight in London.

Juliana's question interrupted Lady Moonshine's heart almost into her mouth.

"I saw him enter the house, and feared all was discovered," replied Walter. "What course to pursue, I know not. I have offended him once already; and by this thoughtless, this fatal step of coming—hist! Still, your father never have consented to your marrying one possessed of so small a fortune as I am."

Lady Moonshine held by a chair for support.

"Let us confess all to my dear, my beloved mamma—"

Tears (of tenderness) came into Lady Moonshine's eyes.

"—And she will intercede for pardon for our having got married three weeks ago."

Lady Moonshine felt as if a weight of twenty tons had been removed from her heart. She burst into her daughter's room; and Sifter, who was listening at another door, while Lecer was peeping through the key-hole of the other, startled by the movement, ran down stairs. Within five minutes, Lubberly, Molly Mopsley, and every other servant in the house were informed (but under a strict injunction of secrecy), that Miss Juliana had been Mrs. Smith about three weeks past.

We had some idea dictating our Tale of Mystery to the bulk of the customary three volumes—our having but little more to add, and the reader probably anticipating how matters must end, notwithstanding. But the sentiment of Miss Juliana did, in fact, occupy no more than one short hour, we are resolved to devote to the winding up of our narrative no more than one short chapter.

CHAPTER V.

It is a saying as old as the hills, that "what is done cannot be undone;" and, generally speaking, its truth is equal to its antiquity. We always, tions, so few as not to disturb the rule, this saying applies to marriage; and it was so frequently repeated by Lady Moonshine in her intercession on behalf of the culprits, that doubtless it touched considerably her husband's heart. Sir Matthew, to Simon to sanction that which, perhaps, they might not otherwise have permitted.

The three persons we have just named, together with Walter Smith (Sir Simon a runaway nephew), and Juliana, were assembled in the drawing-room, to present the intercessor, when Sir Matthew had taken the wise precaution of locking the door; and, as people instinctively do when they have any thing of more than common importance to talk about, they spoke in an under-tone. Something may be said both for and against this practice—against it, chiefly that it is inconvenient to listen.

This was Mr. Sifter's most decided opinion upon the present occasion; for though his ears were of the sharpest, and he was listening in his very best manner, he could not manage to catch more than nine words of every ten that were uttered. He contrived, however, to make out sometime papers are delivered indiscriminately to any who ask for them at the window, and the remainder are sold for a cent a piece to pay the postage.—Now this state of affairs does not suit our views—a reform is required. We cannot afford to forward papers to those who do not pay for them, and do not choose to send them to those who do not want them.

As we could not find a large number of our friends among the huge mass of mortality which things that vast emporium, we have to request as a particular favor, that all of them who see this notice will please give their address to Simon Simpson, our agent, just appointed, No. 295 Hudson street, who will attend them hereafter, and correct all omissions and misunderstanding, or put them in a train for correction.

In future it is indispensible that all subscriptions in New York city, should be positively paid in advance. At the same time it is but justice to remark that we never met with more prompt and cheerful payment than from the most of our subscribers whom we were so fortunate as to meet with.

The whole difficulty arises from the post office arrangements.

SUICIDE.

On Friday last a man was seen deliberately to throw himself into the Schuylkill from the abutment of Fair Mount bridge and rise again. His body was not recovered until Tuesday, when it was found by some fishermen in the seine. His name was Robert Reed, and is supposed to have committed the act in a state of mental derangement.

DREADFUL ACCIDENT.

A child about three years of age, a daughter of Mr. Frazier, in the neighborhood of Ridge Road and Green street, was burned in a most shocking manner on Monday last. It appears she had been playing in an open lot with some young companions, and her clothes caught from some embers remaining from a fire which had been kindled there for the purpose of melting lead, some persons near perceiving her situation placed her in a puddle of water, and this extinguished the flames. She was conveyed home where she lingered till the following day, when death relieved her sufferings.

BAPTIST ANNIVERSARY.

The American and Foreign Bible Society of the Baptist Church, held its seventh anniversary in this city on Tuesday last. The treasurer's report showed an aggregate of receipts and balance from the former year of $43,923. Of this sum $25,000 had been devoted to publishing the Scriptures in foreign lands, chiefly in India. The sum of $10,000 or upward, has been employed in stereotyping and printing the Scriptures in our own country.

CONCERT.

Mr. Quayle receives a benefit this evening at the Philadelphia Museum. Those who have heard Mr. Quayle need no commendation of his powers to induce them to attend those who have not, should visit the Museum this evening. He will be assisted on this occasion by the Misses Shaw.

WEST INDIES.

Late reports from Kingston have been received giving minute reports from a number of plantations showing the conduct and condition of the laborers, the prospect and condition of crops. These reports are very favorable, and afford ample evidence to show that where the laborers are well treated and fairly paid, there is no difficulty between them and their employers, and no lack of the industry requisite for the making of good crops.

Some Yankee speculator has imported a great number of the United States dimes and half dimes (new coinage) into Jamaica, and palmed them off on the unwary at rates considerably above their value, taking advantage of their resemblance to English sixpences and three penny pieces.

AN AWFUL FIRE

Occurred at Ogdensburg on the 17th inst. It originated in the barn attached to the hotel in that village. It extended with fearful rapidity through the whole block on both sides of Ford street, and into State street, and up and down Isabella street from the place of its origin. According to the account published in the Ogdensburg Times, it has reduced to ruin about half of the business portion of that place, and it enumerates forty-five farms and individuals whose places of business were destroyed, not including the bank, post office, printing office, and numerous dwellings.

RAIL ROAD ACCIDENTS.

We have noticed, with pain, an unusual number of accidents upon Rail Roads, in this, and neighboring States.

On Saturday last, Mr. James Smith, of this city, an agent for one of the Transportation Lines, was run over by the cars near Oakland. The train had stopped to leave some passengers or merchandise, and as Mr. Smith was stepping again into the cars, he slipped, one leg fell upon the track, over which the train passed. His limb was shockingly mangled. He died in about four hours after the accident,—leaving a wife and family to mourn over the bereavement.

On Sunday, a lad about three years of age, a son of Mr. Oliver, in Market street, was run over by the pleasure cars, on the Rail Road near Schuylkill. He was heedlessly walking between the two tracks, the car knocked him down, one leg fell across the track, the car passed over it and literally severed the limb in two. It was amputated below the knee, and we believe the child is likely to recover.

On Monday, the rope on the Incline Plane beyond this city, broke just after the passenger car had passed, and a train of burthen cars attached, rushed with tremendous force to the bottom of the plane. The cars were destroyed, but fortunately they met with no impediment in the descent, or the loss of life might have been great, as the West Chester stage was at that time crossing the bridge.

There were upward of 120 arrivals at Boston on Saturday and Sunday last, with property estimated at four millions of dollars.

Atkinson's Evening Post AND Philadelphia Saturday News.

UNDER THE EDITORIAL CHARGE OF GEORGE R. GRAHAM.

SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1839.

On motion of CHAUNCEY P. HOLCOMB, Esq. THOMAS E. CROWELL was this day admitted to practice as an Attorney in the District Court for the City and County of Philadelphia. April 25, 1839.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The "Ode to a Distillery" shall appear at an early day.

"S. H." certainly.

"*Upsilon*," next week.

"D. W." is a valued correspondent. His favors are ever welcome.

"S. W." and "L. X." we must decline.

OUR PATRONS IN NEW YORK CITY,

Are informed that in consequence of gross mismanagement or something worse in the newspaper department of the post office in New York city, we shall be obliged to make some new arrangements in relation to them.

In a recent visit, we ascertained that many of our subscribers have not received their papers for a year or more, although we have forwarded them punctually every week,—they therefore declined paying for what they had not received. Several had left the city or were deceased, from one to two years ago, and as we had received no notice of the papers not being taken up, and supposed they were deriving weekly amusement from our labors,—others do not receive one half their papers and do not want them unless they can be received more regularly. At the same

POETICAL.

"HORACE VERNOT or *Fashionable Life*," in two volumes, LEA & BLANCHARD. These two volumes contain some fine hits at fashionable life and its heartlessness. There are without some humorous passages in a vein that would do no discredit to Boz. We take the following passage from the fourth chapter.

A young nobleman practising in his room with his foils is interrupted by the entrance of a gentleman, a German tailor. After pursuing his occupation for some time fully aware of the presence of the honest German, he suddenly turns around, "Ah, Schneider, is that you? What can I do for you?—You see I am a little busy."

"You see I have an affair upon my hands—a few words with a French nobleman last night—entirely out of practice—you come in the nick of time. Jackson, hand Mr. Schneider a foil." "Oh! mi-lord," cried the German, aghast at the proposition, "I never tish a sword in all my life; I am very sorry."

"What! a German, and not know how to handle a sword? Did over man hear such nonsense. Jackson hand a foil immediately—no-excuse. Mi-lord! mi-lord! I do assure"—commenced the German—but Jackson thrust the foil into his hand.

"Now stand your guard; *carte* over the arm; one—two! there you have it."

"Oh! mi-lord! Ah—I never tish—ha!"

"One, two—ha!"

"Ha! oh mine Got."

"One two—there—button hole—hit again by Jupiter."

"Oh der divel! Mi lord," cried the German, covering his stomach with his left hand."

"One, two,—fifth rib—had you again—capital hit—that."

"Ah, my lord—grass ob pray."

"There you have it again under the arm—you had like to have been a slaughtered taylor."

"Ah! *dader* en blitzen!—my lord—mine poor side."

"One, two,—touched your neck—egad take care of your eyes. Schneider a friend of mine last his sight."

"Oh mine got—ten dousen devils"—and in an agony of fear he threw down the foil and escaped.

"*The American Museum of Literature and the Arts.*" John Bardsley, agent, 41 Chesnut st. We have received the April number of this magazine. It contains an article on "*Notices*" by Professor Pond; The *Philosophical Eater*" by D. Hoffman, Esq. and several well written articles of prose and poetry.

An Affray occurred at a tavern in Brooklyn, N. Y. on Sunday last, which terminated in the death of an individual named Patrick Carter.—It appears that a man by the name of Barney Freel was disputing with another named David Stuart, and had knocked him down. The deceased expostulated with Freel, remarking that Stuart was lame, and that he ought not to strike a man so afflicted. Freel, who is a large and powerful man, became enraged and turned toward Carter, and struck him a violent blow under the ear, which immediately caused his death. Freel was immediately arrested and committed to prison. Carter is said to have been a very industrious and worthy man, and has left a wife and child, who were dependant solely upon his exertions for support.

JUDGE CONRAD.

We understand that Judge Conrad will deliver a lecture before the Germantown Lyceum on Monday evening next. The citizens of that flourishing place may anticipate a rich treat. Judge Conrad stands deservedly high in the popular esteem. As a Judge he is an honor to the bench, as a public man he commands the respect of all parties, and the unlimited confidence and esteem of his own, and as a scholar and a poet he has few equals of his age. He has so deeply impressed his worth upon the public mind, that the man who attacks him (as has been learned to the cost of some) must feel his missiles showered back upon his own head by the indignation of a discerning community.

A CHAME.

In the month of November, 1831, the first frame house was erected at Chicago. But seven years have passed onward, says the Chicago American, "and a small U. S. Fort, with its little garrison, disputing the ascendancy with the untutored Indian, has been surrounded with a bustling city of 9000 inhabitants. The frail canoe of the savage, and then dimpled, in undisturbed supremacy, the placid waters of *Skunk Creek*, and the shores of Lake Michigan, is now succeeded by roaring steamers with their 700 tons, and high masted vessels with their thousands of freight. The creek has become a river, and from its mouth the merchandise of the far eastern ports, transported over our great lakes, is discharged into our capacious warehouses for the traffic and consumption of a city and an extensive country rapidly filling up around it. The wand of the enchanter has been at work, and from an extended and bloody scene of savage desolation, churches, palaces, forms of beauty, gaiety and fashion, have arisen like visions of the sun upon the dazzled sight."

MATERNAL LOVE.

During the fire in Albany on Saturday, the occupants of one of the buildings in Ross Alley, in the bustle and confusion of saving their little effects from the devouring element, and after being driven out by the flames, discovered that one of their children, a boy about 4 years old, remained yet asleep in the upper part of the House—the mother after hearing of the situation of her child, rushed through the flames and seized her sleeping boy, and no sooner had she gained the object for which she was willing to risk her life, than it was discovered that all means of escape was cut off, save that of leaping from the second story window with her child, which without a moment's hesitation was done, without any material injury to herself or child.

THE MARKETS.

The high price of provisions is a universal complaint. Yet every man appears to have his own theory of the cause.

The Philadelphia Gazette gives the following, which we deem sensible and true. "The increasing population of the city does not furnish a reason for the large advance in the price of marketing generally; and it is the easy compliance of luxurious livers with whatever prices they are asked, and their passion for variety, which make prices not high merely but uncertain.—True, eating is a very natural process among the community, and there will always a good deal of it be done; but the number of dishes on one table daily need not exceed half the letters in the alphabet! If they do, there will be usury in the market of the worst kind, and no end to it either. If thousands of our citizens would only consider how much less they need than they get, the prices of provisions would soon take their proper altitude, and imperturbance in the markets be amazingly abated."

The whole number of prisoners in Sing Sing is 839.

A story is told in a London paper to this effect. Don Miguel insulted the lady of a foreign gentleman, and was immediately insulted in turn. The ex-king then challenged the husband to fight, but the latter replied that he should never degrade himself by fighting a duel with a man who lived on alms.

The Ravel family were very successfully in Havana. The receipts of eighteen representations, amounted to $25,000.

Prime cuts of beef are selling in New York at 27 cents per pound.

The two nations of Upper and Lower Creeks, who were hostile while residing east of the Mississippi, have in their new home in Arkansas, united in general council, at which 1500 were present. The oratory on the occasion of smoking the calumet is described as of the highest order.

DISTRESSING ACCIDENT.

Loss of Lives.—A ship from the office of the Norfolk Beacon dated Thursday, 4 P. M. states that a letter received in that place, written from the Frying Pan Shoals, and dated the 15th inst. communicates the intelligence of the drowning of Captain C. Gardner, of the schr. Washington, of Norfolk, and four hands. On Friday night the wind blew heavy from the north-west, and the vessel anchored in the Pasquotank river, where she laid till day light, when she got underway, with a stiff but favorable breeze, and run as far as the mouth of the Alligator, but unfortunately struck on the Great Shoal. The Captain immediately took four hands in the boat, ran out his small anchor, and returned to have on it, when he found that the anchor was in a wrong position. He then took the boat a second time, with five hands, four white and one black, and made for the anchor, when the boat was swamped, and every soul but one perished! The survivor saved himself with great difficulty, by holding to the bowl, and stripping himself so as to be able to swim to the schooner. After two or three ineffectual efforts to save themselves, the Captain and the three hands sink to rise no more. After the loss of the Captain and hands, the condition of the vessel was a most critical one, a young man, the son of Mr. Wm. D. Roberts, of Norfolk, and a hand, being the only persons aboard. Mr. Roberts states "that the vessel laid hard and fast all that day with a heavy press of sail which we found was the only way to get her off, and he succeeded that night at nine o'clock in getting her off. But now his difficulties increased, for there was a bend sea, and he feared to anchor lest the vessel would foul. He finally succeeded in bringing the vessel in safety to Frying Pan Shoals, where his letter detailing the catastrophe was written. He acknowledges his obligations to Captain Henry, of the schr. Halifax, for the timely assistance rendered him." It is supposed that the Captain had all the money of the vessel on his person when lost, as but a few dollars could be found on board.

Balt. Pat.

SLANDEROUS PUBLICATIONS.

To so great an extent is the vile business of private slander carried by certain journals in London, that measures have been taken for organised defence against them, by severe prosecutions, at the expense and under the conduct of a society, established for the purpose. The number of London papers engaged almost exclusively in this detestable business, and relying upon it for support, is astonishing. We have seen specimens of more than a dozen, among which the Satirist and the Age, vile as they are, were the least offensive. In some of these specimens the grossest accusations were brought, in the grossest language, against individuals of known unblemished character, both men and women; and even the highest personages in the kingdom were spoken of with the most disgusting indecency. At the meeting held for establishing the society, one of the speakers stated that within his own knowledge six highly respectable families had been plunged into deep distress, in consequence of these infamous publications; and it is notorious that in many instances wealthy persons have been repeatedly attacked, in the most shameful manner, solely with a view to the extortion of hush-money.—*N. Y. Com. Ad.*

ANOTHER OUTRAGE.

The following account of another indignity offered to the American flag, at the port of Brockville, U. C. will be read without surprise. The vagabond soldiery stationed at that place seem to be kept there for purposes of insult, and it is time that our government required the British either to withdraw their troops from that station, or to place officers there having some sense of the obligations of treaties and of their own responsibilities.

The schooner W. J. Pardee, J. Forsyth, master, bound from Ogdensburg to Oswego, with a cargo of lumber, on the morning of the 12th was passing Brockville, on the northern shore of the St. Lawrence. The vessel was taking the usual channel, which is through the harbor of Brockville. Passing within musket shot of one of the landings she was deliberately fired upon by the sentry there stationed. The ball was seen to skip along the water close under the vessel's bows. The same sentry, or another soldier who was with him, as soon as the piece could be reloaded fired again, and as Capt. Forsyth states, in direct range of his person. The captain saw the ball touch the water near to him, and thinks it struck the vessel and glanced. Instantly after the first fire, a throng of persons, many of them soldiers, showed themselves on the landing; loud shouts and hooting ensued, which seemed to be directed to the vessel.

On bearing off from Brockville landing, the vessel was brought up by Cholera Island, (one of the Thousand Islands off Brockville,) on which the captain observed a party of soldiers. A loud clamor arose as he neared them, and cries of fire, fire, were distinctly audible. One of the soldiers, separating himself from the others ran to the water's edge, and presented his musket, as if with the intention of firing. He, however, was prevented by another who followed him, and struck up his piece, and by apparent remonstrances, held the party in check until the vessel got beyond the reach of musketry.

The British channel, (through which the Pardee passed up the river,) is the one commonly used. The American channel is more intricate, and not so familiar to navigators. The free use of either channel is secured to the vessels of both nations.—*Oswego Palladium.*

Kobler and Wilman, arrested as the supposed murderers of Zellerbach, the pedlar, at Lancaster, have pleaded "not guilty." The Grand Jury, however, have found a bill against them, and they are to remain in prison until August, when their trials come on.

Foreign Varieties.

On the 19th of March, early in the morning, the convict ship Glengowrie, with about three hundred men, battened under hatches, capsized at Woolwich dock yard, England. Fortunately the imprisoned wretches were got out without loss of life.

The maintenance of the police force of the city of London, for the year 1838, cost 1,849,809 dollars.

Nourrit (Adolphe) once the star of the Paris opera, was hissed at Naples, and so chagrined at the insult that he went home and committed suicide.

The London age says there are two very distinct classes in society in England; the nobility and gentility.

In the city of Paris there are about thirty daily political newspapers, issuing a circulation of more than a hundred thousand.

Startling to Musicians.—The whole musical world is threatened with a revolution. A German newspaper, the "Allgemeiner Musikalischer Anzeiger," mentions some astonishing chemical inventions in Germany, consisting of a *steam organ*, a gigantic violin played with *pedals*, and a flute that gives the effect of wind *stops*.

A Scion worthy of his Stock.—Our readers will no doubt recollect seeing, in our compendium of foreign news brought by the Great Western, an account of the murder at a school in the jurisdiction of the Grand Duke of Lucca, by a fellow student named Medburi. The case created much excitement in the vicinity, and the more, in consequence of the fact, that the grandfather of the prisoner, a very wealthy man, had been formerly (in 1804) indicted for the murder of his wife. It appeared in evidence, that he cut off his wife's head,—placed it on the table, and addressed it thus, "there wretch, see if you can scold me at me now half an hour." The jury convicted him of murder but he escaped hanging in consequence of insanity, and he is now at the age of nearly eighty, in the Insane Hospital at York.—*N. Y. Despatch.*

A writer in the London Magazine, speaking of Liverpool as a place of business, very properly gives it, in certain respects, the preference over London. The commerce of the port mentioned places him, it would seem, doubled itself within twelve years, and so rapid is the increase that, notwithstanding the most strenuous exertions to keep pace with it, the shipping accommodations are not sufficient for the demand. The quay at Liverpool extends along the river for about two miles and a half, and is every where incumbered by large docks which are so full that ships arriving from sea are frequently forced to remain in the river at considerable risk. An immense dock has lately been constructed, the cost of which has already been a million of pounds sterling. The revenue from the customs contributed by Liverpool is four millions sterling annually, and its export trade exceeds even that of London. As may be supposed, the habits of the Liverpool people are peculiarly business like. Every one has the air of being actively occupied, and instead of *walks* and public walks for the purposes of lounging, the eye of the traveller rests upon establishments connected with commerce, and streets filled with busy passengers, the quickness of whose gait, bespeaks the urgency of their occupation.

From the Army and Navy Chronicle.

The government of Peru is at present in the hands of a woman. Madame Gamarra is a female Bonaparte; and though her husband is nominally the head of the republic, she is the real sovereign. It was owing to her energy that the improvised

MOTHER'S GRAVE.
ATHERING.

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Orleans Rev., April 1.

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Philadelphia, April 1.

ALLEGED MURDER ON THE
HIGH SEAS.

Yesterday morning, the 24th inst. the
Philadelphia, Capt. Stockton, arrived
Philadelphia, from Liverpool, and
Capt. Stockton, the following
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Mate, and Mr. Wm. Ellis, a
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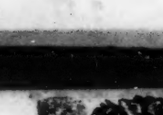

Variety's the Spice of Life,
That gives it all its flavours.

ISABEL.

Verses by G. P. Morris.—Sung by Mr. Knight.

I miss thee from my side, beloved, I miss thee from my side,
And wearily and drearily flows time's remorseless tide:
The world and all its fleeting joys to me are worse than vain,
Until I clasp thee to my heart, beloved one, once again.

The wildwood and the forest path we used to tread of yore,
With bird and bee, have flown with thee, and gone forever more.

There is no music in the grove, no echo on the hill,
But melancholy boughs are there, and hushed the whip-poor-will.

I miss thee every where, beloved, I miss thee every where;
Both day and night wear dull away and leave me in despair!

The banquet hall, the play, the ball, and childhood's gladsome glee,
Have lost their charms for me, beloved, my soul is full of thee.

Has Rosabel forgotten me, and love I now in vain?
If that be so, my heart can know no earth no rest again.

And and weary let it pine, to love and be forgot,
And and weary let, beloved, and and weary let,
And and weary let, beloved, to love and be forgot.

The most sublime thoughts—best tiful and powerful figures—and pure phraseology—are found in an American melodie girls, but seldom quoted, called the Belle.

FORSAKEN—THE LILAC.—The *Eastern* nations, from whence this beautiful shrub was originally brought, use the lilac as the emblem of the forsaken, as it is the flower the lover offers to his mistress if he abandons her.

VALUE OF AN OATH.—A Norman was telling another a great absurdity as a matter of fact. "You are jesting," said the hearer. "Not I on the faith of a christian." "Will you wager?" "No, I won't wager; but I am ready to swear to it."

MRS. CRUSE, who in her day, was rather a celebrated actress in the Provinces, applied for pecuniary assistance from an actor, more famed for his wit than his charity. His reply was a crown one, simply saying he was not a crusader.

"They do say that there's nothing new under the sun, but if there aint a pair of new stockings," said an old woman when she took the last stitch, "then I'm mistaken, that's all."

A QUESTION.—If your mother's mother was my mother's sister's aunt what relation would your great grand father's uncle's nephew be to my elder brother's first cousin's son-in-law?

A FEE-LER.—A surgeon and a lawyer had very little good feeling toward each other, and the following occurrence took place:—

"If," asked the surgeon, "a neighbor's dog destroy your dachs, can I recover damages by law?" "Certainly," replied the lawyer, "you can recover. Pray what are the circumstances?" "Why, Sir, your dog, last night destroyed two of my dachs." "Then you can certainly recover damages. What is the amount? I'll instantly discharge it."—"Four shillings and sixpence," chuckled the surgeon.—"And my fee for attending and advising you is six shillings and eight pence," responded the attorney.

YANKEE SHOES.—The way they shovel shoes together in Lynn and some other places "down east" is any thing but the right way. The Boston Transcript tells the story of a negro, somewhere at the South, who had worked for two or three hours a pair of Yankee made brogans.—"What dese shoes cum from, Massa?" said Coffee. "They grow on the trees down east, replied the master. "Wal, I spect Cuff," I guess dey pack 'em fore um ripe." *Plymouth.*

A NEW NAME.—The tory papers of Lower Canada, call Gov. Fairbank's treaty, at present on the Aroostook, *Mainiacs*. That's not so bad for John Bull.

Two Irishmen going to London through St. Albans, one of them asked a man by the roadside how many miles it was to London, to which he replied twenty. "Arrah," said one of them, "we shall not reach London to-day, Pat." "Pooh," says the other, "come along, it is but ten miles a-piece."

An Irish attorney, who died poor, was buried by a shilling subscription. Some one asked Curran for his shilling. "For what?" he exclaimed. "To bury an attorney." "Here take this pound-note, and bury twenty of them at a shilling a head."

INDULGENCE OF GENIUS.—It was said of the great Dr. Johnson, who was accustomed to read in bed, that rather than get up and blow his light out, he would frequently throw his boot at it!

Thompson the poet, was found with both his hands in his pockets eating apples from a tree!

OVER AFFECTION FOR ANIMALS.—The attachment of some French ladies, to their lap-dogs, amounts, in some instances, to madness. I have heard of a lap-dog biting a piece out of a male visitor's leg; his mistress then expressed her compassion: "Poor little dear creature! I hope it will not make him sick!"

LACONIC.—George P. Morris has written some pretty poetry, and several sweet songs, but he misses his mark sadly now and then in aiming at simplicity and effect. Some of the New York papers are bestowing high encomiums on a sonnet from his pen, called "Mesta," and set to music by Horn, but surely such miserable conceits as the following are unworthy of the author of "Woodman, spare that tree."

"Cold his feelings—cold the weather,
Cold that failed him!
Her heart and morning meets together
In the storm."

The last line but one is ridiculous, and the first, to say the least, flat and unpoetical.

Want would Mr. Morris say should some of his admirers pen an imitation of the above, ended for the sonnet, to conclude in the following style:—

Hot the muffins—hot the weather,
Hot his fevered mind;
His nose and toes BLAZE together,
—With the wind!

MARCH OF INTELLECT!—"Sammy, dear, hold up your hand, and tell the gentleman how much twice nine makes." "Ten." "Oh fy! guess again." "Eleven!" "No!" "Twelve." "No!" "Thirteen." "No!" "Fourteen." "No!" "Fifteen." "No!" "Sixteen." "No!" "Seventeen." "No!" "Eighteen." "Right, mother's own darling! that boy I'm thinking will make a figure in the world."

THE SLIGHT OF ASSURANCE.—The facetious *Nash* relates an anecdote of a troublesome *friend*, named C. "He first," says *Nash*, "invited himself to partake of my suppers; next, he took possession of a spare bed in my room; in the morning, he put on one of my shirts, and left his ragged one, and continued to do so till mine were all gone, and his left in their places. He then came without any shirt, and wore off one of his old ones every morning, until they were all gone too."

PEARLS AND DIAMONDS.—We read more of pearls than of diamonds in ancient authors.—The ancients had not skill enough to make the most of diamonds; and the art of engraving on them is not older than the sixteenth century.—The most remarkable of modern pearls is that in the Spanish Treasury, called the Pilgrim. It was in the possession of a merchant, who had paid for it one thousand crowns. When he went to offer it for sale to Philip IV, the King said, "How could you venture to give so much for a pearl?" the merchant replied, "I knew there was a king of Spain in the world." Philip, pleased with the flattery, ordered him his own price.

COURT ETIQUETTE IN EGYPT.—In a recent French work entitled "Le Sinai, Impressions des voyages, par A. Durand," we find the following rather curious passage, in the account of the presentation of the author to the Pasha of Egypt. "In the most obscure corner of the hall, a lion's skin was thrown over the divan, and squat upon that skin, with one leg over the other, sate IBRAHIM, holding a rosary in his left hand, and with his right playing with his toes."

ROWLAND HILL.—On an occasion of his preaching a charity sermon he said, "I once got £1000 by a charity sermon. I hope I shall get as much to-day. But observe, if any of you are in debt, don't put any money on the plate. Recollect—take time—deliberate. If any of you owe money, be just before your are generous.—Stop, though. On second thought, those who don't owe will be pointed at, 'Oh, he or she is in debt, &c.'"

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When it is said in general terms, that the man do nothing but hunt all day, while the women are engaged in perpetual toil, I suppose this suggests to civilized readers, the idea of a party of gentlemen at Melton, or a tenant of Mr. Meynell's friends; or at most a deer-stalking excursion to the Highlands—a holiday affair; while the women, poor souls! must sit at home and cook and spin, and cook victuals. But what is the life of an Indian hunter? one of incessant, almost killing toil, and often danger. A hunter goes out at dawn knowing that if he returns empty, his wife and his little innocent ones must starve—no uncommon predicament! He comes home at sunset, spent with fatigue, and unable even to speak. His wife takes off his moccasins, places what food she has, or, if luckily the chase has failed, probably no food at all, or only a little parched wild rice. She then examines his bruting pouch, and in it finds the claws, or beak, or tongue of the game, or other indications, by which she knows what it is, and where to find it. She then goes for it, and drags it home. When he is refreshed, the hunter caresses his wife and children, relates the events of his chase smokes his pipe and goes to sleep—to begin the same life on the following day. Where, then, the whole duty and labor of providing the means of subsistence, ennobled by danger and courage, falls upon the man, the women naturally sinks in importance, and is a dependent drudge. But she is not therefore, I suppose, so very miserable, nor, relatively, so very abject; she is sure of protection; sure of maintenance, at least while the man has it; sure of kind treatment, and that she will never have her children taken from her but by death; sure none better off than herself, and has no conception of a superior destiny; and it is evident that in such a state the happiest and most contented life of the woman is the household work, and all other domestic labor.—*Mrs. Jameson's Canada.*

No man in this community had a larger circle of acquaintance than the late Doctor Horsnell. He stood in Wall street half an hour one morning, talking with a friend, and almost every body spoke to him as he passed. He knew probably the number of male and low-dye-dos and however the worthy physician received in the short space above mentioned. These, however, were so numerous as to induce his friend to remark.

"Why, doctor, you appear to be pretty well known in New York!"

"Yes," replied the M. D. with a little pardonable self conceit, "I think, if I were to commit murder they would find me out."

"Why, yes," returned the other, "except you did it in the way of your profession!"

The doctor, it is said, did not cherish the joke.

STEAM.—If the wild tribes of Lake Huron were to be told that the white man's recipe for conquering the waves of the great lake before them was to take up a very small portion of it and boil it—if sixty years ago Dr. Johnson had been told (as, exhausted by a hard day's literary labor, he sat ruminating at his fire-side waiting for his favorite beverage) that the very volume of white smoke he was listlessly gazing at, as it issued from the spout of his black iron tea-kettle, was a power competent to rebuke the waves, and to set every Indian tribe and Indian pale-faced children of nature would listen to the intelligence without greater astonishment than our venerable lexicographer would have received it.—*London Quarterly.*

DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S RULES.—The extraordinary facility in the despatch of business without interfering with other pursuits to encroach upon business, for which he was ever remarkable, seems to us to be imputable to the following rules:—First, never to postpone any thing in a spirit of procrastination, but only when postponement was expedient or indispensable; second, to give the preference on every subject to broad practical views over ingenious subtleties; third, to be guided in dealings of all kinds by fairness, moderation and justice; and fourth, in regard decisions once made, to act at once in every special cases.—*Edinburgh Review.*

PROGRESS OF REFORM.

The brutal barbarism of Mahomedan rule has, during the present century, been greatly modified and ameliorated by the gradual inroads of European civilisation. Peace set the better elements of humanity in motion; and the facilities of communication which the present generation has brought into being, have shown the eastern world how much it had fallen into arrear with the wisdom of the west. Mussulman pride was reproved and convinced by the perpetual presence of superior Christian intelligence. Strangers upon the Nile and the Euphrates; chemical works and polytechnic schools at Memphis; steam engines and lightning-conductors on Mount Lebanon—Arabia, Ethiopia, Mesopotamia, Syria—the Bedouin of the desert, the Kherd of the mountain, the Turkoman of the plain, clad in garments shaped from the Mersey of the Clyde, Manchester for the progress of knowledge and of felicity than the triumphs of the most fortunate conqueror, and prove that prejudice and intolerance have been giving way to the benignant influence of commerce. In many parts of the East—let many parts of England hear the glad tidings, and act accordingly—toleration has completely *triumphed*. Mahomet Ali has elevated Christians to the highest functions of government. Even in Turkey instruction in many of the mechanical arts and sciences has been sought for among European Gizours. In Egypt and Syria a man may travel in Christian costume in perfect security; and the abandonment of the dress which for so many generations represented the degradation of one-half of society and the domination of the other, have for the most part been removed.—*Christian Reformer.*

TASTE FOR READING.

If I were to pray for a taste which should stand me in stead under variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and delight to me in one to me through life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss, and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading. I speak of it of course only as a worldly advantage, and not in the slightest degree superseding or derogating from the higher offices and nurse and stronger panoply of religious principles—but as a taste, an instrument, and a mode of plausible gratification. Give a man this taste, and the means of gratifying it, and you can hardly fail of making him a happy man, unless, indeed, you put into his hands a most perverse selection of books. You place him in contact with the best society in every period of history—with the wisest, the wittiest—with the tenderest, the bravest, and the purest characters—which have adorned humanity. You make him a denizen of all nations—a contemporary of all ages. The world has been created *for* him. It is hardly possible but his character should take a higher and better tone from the constant habit of associating with a class of thinkers, to say the least of it, above the average of humanity. It is morally impossible but that manners should take a tinge of good breeding and civilisation from having constantly before one's eye the way in which the best-bred and best-informed men have talked and conducted themselves in their intercourse with each other. There is a gentle, but perfectly irresistible coercion in a habit of reading well directed over the whole tenor of a man's character and conduct, which is no less effectual because it works insensibly, and because it is really the last thing he dreams of. It civilises the conduct of men and suffers them not to remain barbarous.—SIR JAMES HARGREAVE.

RAILWAYS.

The following humorous arguments were advanced by a canal stockholder, for the purpose of putting down railroads:—

He saw what would be the effect of it—that it would set all the world a gadding. Twenty miles an hour, sir! Why you will not be able to keep an apprentice boy at work; every Saturday evening he must take a trip to Ohio to spend the sabbath with his sweetheart.—Grass, pladdling citizens will be flying about like comets. All local attachments must be at an end. It will encourage flightiness of intellect. Venerous people will turn to the most incurable liars all their conceptions will be exaggerated by their magnificent notions of distance. "Only a hundred miles off! Tut, nonsense, I'll step across, madam, and bring the fan." "Pray, sir, will you dine with me to-day, at my little box on the Alleghany?" "Why indeed, I don't know; I shall be in town until twelve: well I'll be there, but you must let me off in time for the theatre." And then, sir, there will be barrels of pork, and oxen carcases of flour and chaldrons of coal, and lead and hickory, and like sober things, that have always been used to sober travelling, whisking away like a set of sky rockets. It will upset all the gravity of the nation. If a couple of gentlemen have an affair of honor, it is only a step to the Rocky Mountains, and there no jurisdiction can touch them. And then, sir, think of flying from debt! A set of bailiffs mounted upon bomb-shells would not overtake an absconded debtor, only give a fair start. Upon the whole, sir, it is a pestilential, topsy-turvy, harum-scarum whirling. Give me the old solemn, straight-forward, regular Dutch canal—three miles an hour for expresses, and two yoke of oxen for a heavy load! I go for beasts of burden; it is primitive and scriptural, and suits a moral and religious people better.—None of your hop-skip-and-jump whimsies for me.

The *First* vessel built in New England, was built at Plymouth, and was a cargo boat or *shallop*.—The *Second*, was the "Blessing of the Bay," a vessel of forty or fifty tons, built by Gov. Winthrop, in 1631, at *Mistick*, now *Medford*, and launched on the fourth of July.—The *Third* was built in 1631, at Marble Harbour, (Marblehead) by the "Salem people." This vessel was one hundred and twenty tons burthen, and called the "Desire."—In 1641 the "Plymouth people" built another of fifty tons.

The best rules to form a young man, are, to talk little, to hear much, to reflect alone upon what has passed in company, to distrust one's own opinions, and value others that deserve it.

L. E. LANDON.

Peace to thine ashes, lady!
I would not disturb even,
Nor even the smallest shade upon
The bourne of thy fame.
The spirit hath thy spirit touched
Some hours—perhaps of my mind—
The office will thy melody
A heartfelt echo find!

I would that thou hadst walked abroad
With fewer, humbler sin,
And seen the finger of a God
Stamp in and *glorious* there;
I would that thou hadst turned thee from
The moody and the wild,
And knelt thee down submissively,
Religion's gifted child.

What though thy Heliocon hath been
A bitter fount of tears;
What though a blighting grief hath passed
Upon thy youthful years;
Our early dreams!—'t is meet that they
Should vanish from our view—
For He who made the heart of man,
Must have the glory too!

'Twas never meant that we should hide
Our lives in vain regret;
The stream, intended to use course,
May take another yet;
And beauty and virtly
Some other region, where
It had not seemed its destiny
To utter enter there.

Oh! had the splendid intellect
Been laid on Heaven's shrine,
And had the Christian's humble hope,
Its higher faith true thine,
Thou hadst not nursed that morbid mood
That melancholy spell,
Which found, alas! in many a heart,
An echo all too well.

But in thy country's roll of fame,
High on her scale of mind,
Far worthier and holier,
Thy memory were unstrined.

Peace to thine ashes, lady!
I would not disturb even,
Nor even the smallest shade upon
The bourne of thy fame.

I would that thou hadst slumbered
Where *Sing land's* noblest rest—
I would that thou were buried
With her *inflicit and her best!*

Philadelphia, Fourth month 8th, 1839.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES REGARDING BURNS.

It is mentioned in Dr. Currie's *Life* of the Poet, that when he was in Edinburgh, he accompanied his friend Mr. Robert Ainslie, now writer to the Signet, on a horseback excursion from Edinburgh to Peebles, down the Tweed, and so by way to Coldstream, and from thence to Berryville, near Duns, the residence of Mr. Ainslie's father. The weather was charming; the parties then youthful and in good spirits; and the Poet delighted with the fine scenery, and the many poetical associations connected with it. When they had arrived at Coldstream, where the dividing line between Scotland and England is the Tweed, Mr. Ainslie suggested going across to the other side of the river by the Coldstream bridge, that Burns might have to say he "*had been in England*." They did so, and were pacing slowly along on English ground, enjoying their walk, when Mr. Ainslie was astonished to see the Poet throw away his hat, and, then uncovered, look toward Scotland, kneeling down with uplifted hands, and, apparently, in a state of great enthusiasm. Mr. Ainslie kept silence, uncertain what he was to be done, when Burns, with extreme earnestness and an expression of countenance which his companion will never forget, prayed for and blessed Scotland most solemnly, by pronouncing blood, in terms of the deepest devotion, the concluding stanzas of the Cotter's Saturday Night.

O Scotia! my dear, native soil!
For whom my warmest wish to heaven is sent!
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil,
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content!

And, O! may Heaven their simple lives prevent
From luxury's contagion, weak and vile!
Then, how'er crowns and coronets be rent,
A virtuous populace may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much-lov'd *Isle.*

O Thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide
That stream'd through *Wallace's* undaunted heart:
Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die, the second glorious part,
(The *patriot's God*, peculiarly thou art,
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!)
O never, never, *Scotia's* realm desert;
But still the *patriot* and the *patriot bard*,
In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard!

In the course of that excursion, they went to visit an old gentleman, a friend of Mr. Ainslie's, in Teviotdale, who was possessed of a large chair that had belonged to Thompson, the Poet of the Seasons. This Burns examined, and sat in with great interest, as if catching inspiration by the very touch of it.

Some time after that the Poet was a considerable time in Edinburgh, visiting Mr. Crunkshanks, then one of the masters of the High School, who lived in St. James's Square, New Town. Mr. Ainslie had then a small house at home on the north side of the same square, and, intimate as the parties were, it may be supposed that they spent much an hour together; and, to one of Mr. Ainslie, most agreeable it is to remember some pleasant summer afternoon, the Poet came over to him after dinner. Mr. Ainslie was then but a Writer to the Signet's apprentice, but already a *wit*, and, it must be admitted it was no extensive one, for it was no larger than a *window broker*, and consisted but of *four* bottles of port—all that remained of a dozen, which had been the last laid in store; but it was excellent, and old, and got from a wine merchant who favored him. He was too hospitable not to offer a bottle to a friend, and that friend was one of the *finest fellows* in the world. What, then, was to be done? Expected to happen? that some nice points would have been discussed—an exercise in which the Poet displayed great eloquence—and many a fine quotation made, in which he (Crunkshanks) indulged with great fervor; and lastly, that several of the poor five bottles might have suffered in the cause, to the great circulation of all the questions, and the increase of the beauty and sublimity of the passages quoted from each such thing. "No, my friend," said Burns; "we'll have one wise the day; to sit dozing in the house on so a glorious afternoon as this.—Besides, you see you and I dinna require wine to sharpen our wit, nor its adventitious aid to make us happy. No; we'll take a walk about Arthur's Seat, and come in to a late tea." The two did so: and his companion says he never found the poet so amusing, so instructive, and altogether so delightful, as he was in a charming stroll which they had together, and during the sober "tea drinking," which followed it.

I mentioned above that Burns was extremely fond of quoting in society, favorite poetical passages, but, in his correspondence with his intimates, he indulged himself also to doing so, much to their gratification. In a late small book on the Evidences of Natural and Revealed Religion, called "*Reasons for the Hope that is in us*," lately written by the same gentleman to whom I have been alluding as the companion of the Bard, he concludes one of the Essays of which it consists, namely, that on the "Immortality of the soul," with two fine verses which were sent him in that manner by the Poet, though not said to have been composed by him; and the author annexes an explanatory note regarding them. I first give the verses, and then Mr. Ainslie's note. The letter was on the prospect of a Happy Eternity, and Burns concluded his reflections thus:—

'Tis this, my friend, that makes our morning bright;
Tis this that gilds the horror of our night.
When wealth forakes us, and when friends are few
When friends are faithless, and when foes pursue;
'Tis this that wards the blow, or sells the smart,
Disarms affliction, or rapts the dart;
Within the bruise bids purest rapture rise,
But smiling conscience spread her cloudless skies.

The following are the terms of Mr. Ainslie's note:—"These lines I find in a letter written to me by Burns, forty years ago. He had his memory stored with the finest poetical passages, which he was in the habit of quoting most aptly in his correspondence with his friends; and he delighted also in repeating them when in company with those who enjoyed them. Living, as I did, in habits of close intimacy with him during his residence in Edinburgh, when he published the second edition of his poems, often have I heard him recite these fine verses, which seemed to have much impression on him—Poor Burns! Those who were best acquainted with him knew that he views! and considered these noble and interesting subjects as he ought. The lapse of fleeting years is fast dissipating the remains of unkind feeling with which some latterly regarded him; and while his country justly appreciates him, his fame will descend to future times, worthy of the author of *The Cotter's Saturday Night.*"

MY DARK-EYED JULETTE.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

Maid of Evora! my dark-eyed Zulette!
In the dreams of my slumber mixed,
I meet thee again, where so often we met,
When my spirit was gay and unblighted;
When beneath the sweet shade of the orange we roved,
And the fountain of Inez shone brightly
In the beams of the moon, that to look on I loved,
As it guided my steps to thee nightly

Maid of Evora! my dark-eyed Zulette!
In thy heart still as faithful as ever,
To the joy that we felt when in secret we met,
And the pangs that it cost us forever?
When I watched thy sweet looks, as I saw thee depart,
When the last fond adieu had been spoken,
Had I thought 'twas thy last, oh! surely my heart
In the grief of that moment had broken.

A TURK'S NOTIONS OF ENGLAND.

The Aga now gave me more of his company than suited with my present humor or avocations; but he was a learned man, and peculiarly well versed in geography; and his notions were replete with the license which seemed legitimately to belong to the ruler of the vale of the Muses. One day that he was sitting in my little box, with his four inseparable companions, he treated us to his views respecting England, the character of which may be appreciated from the following specimen:—"All the salt water in the world belongs to England, and all the fresh water to Turkey; because the fresh water flows through the land, and is only of use to give cattle to drink, and water fields." "But," observed Albanian, who was standing against the door post, "has England, then, no fields nor horses to water? or do the horses drink seawater?" "Man of the mountains," exclaimed the Aga, his convexitions and his dignity equally insulted, "don't you know, that England has neither fields nor horses?" The Albanian looked at me, I said to him, "why don't you answer the Aga?" So the Arnout, after a moment's hesitation, and with the air of an examiner in the schools, looking the Aga full in the face, and twisting his chin, said, "What is England?" This was a home question, which perfectly per-

AN INCIDENT OF THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

The regiment into which Capt. Leslie had exchanged before his marriage, was ordered into Belgium. Walter longed for glory, and Helen, his young wife, was too sensible to pain to be unavailing regretted—and to think that he had striven not to remain him; and when the first natural grief was over, she took her station at the small window of the inn, which commanded a view of the scene of action. Could an enamoured she ever have gazed upon the plain of Waterloo at that moment, it must have appeared a splendid pageant. But Helen thought how many are almost would have gone to their final account, and she shuddered at the thought that perhaps her Walter might be among the number. The distant cannonading told that already the work had commenced. Several random shots had struck the inn, and warned its inmates to take shelter in the bars. With them did Helen sit during that long day, and at last, yet with the same confidence in God's protection that had always nerved her chivalrous She could have smiled at the volubility of her companions, who never ceased speaking, in a mixture of bad French and Flamish. But it made her only more sad, she felt that she was indeed among strangers. Oh, the agony, at suppose, the fear of hearing that Walter was among the fallen! Her beauty and girlish appearance, added to the knowledge that her husband was in the front of battle, gave her an interest in the eyes of her companions, and many were the hopes they expressed, in French, that Capt. Leslie might return safe and sound. The day passed, twilight succeeded, followed by the almost immediate darkness which characterises a continental summer; and still Helen sat in all the agony of suspense. The action had ceased; random firing succeeded the constant and fearful din of war; yet still Capt. Leslie returned not. She was roused from the state of stupor into which she had folded by the sound of approaching footsteps; and some soldiers entered the bars bearing a wounded officer. It was with secret; definable feelings that Helen discovered that it was not her husband, but a young officer of the same regiment.

For a few minutes any other feelings seemed lost in the anxious attentions necessary for the severe wound of the sufferer. Helen had, fortunately provided every thing necessary; with kindness, and gentleness she dressed the sufferer's wounds. Did Helen attempted to restore him to consciousness; her efforts were successful. Aided by the people of the inn, she succeeded in making him swallow a restorative; and in a short time he was able to thank the gentle hand which had ministered unto him.

Helen with eager expectancy exclaimed "Walter! where is he?" Mr. Grant turned his head away. He could not bear the sight of the agony he knew his answer would inflict. Leslie! is mercy tell me that Leslie is safe!" Helen paused a moment, and then continued, "I know it all, Walter is *dead!*" There was a frightful calmness in her manner, which contrasted with her late wild grief. She received the description of her husband's death and burial, and, unseen, stolen from the inn yard, and stood alone on the spot where she had last seen her husband.

Helen was in years a mere child; there had been a time when she would have shuddered at the idea of being alone at night; but she passed, with a trembling step, though with an undaunted heart,—but what will not love in woman undertake?—God has as much power to protect me here, as at home, she thought, as the distant lamp caught her ear, and caused her for a moment to pause, "as in a crowded room!" the thought of "what she had to live for" rendered her a moment incapable of proceeding; then silently implorring, as though from God, she proceeded.

What a scene of horror presented itself to her! The spot, where a few hours before she gazed on the brilliant ranks of the contending armies, now covered with the dead or the dying. Occasionally a wounded horse dashed wildly among the heaps of wounded. There were a party employed in stripping the dead—at her approach, both of them looked up, for a moment a suspicious dread crossed their minds. Her white dress made them suppose her a ghost, and when convinced of their mistake, they let her pass unmolested, muttering with an oath that she was seeking for her lover. Helen passed on. As she approached the spot described by Grant, she examined earnestly the faces of the dead. She was almost beginning to despair, when from beneath a heap of slain, a countenance in it caught her attention. On one of the fingers was a ring; one of her first gifts to him. With trembling hands she put down the small lantern she had brought with her, and, kneeling down, indeed her husband who lay there, and a long fit of weeping relieved her; she raised him, and the head fell back upon her shoulders.—Approaches alarmed her; fearful lest they were those of two men of her regiment. One of them explained that they followed her at Mr. Grant's desire. Between them was the body of Captain Leslie borne into the inn of Mont St. Jean.

A surgeon was than dressing the wound of Mr. Grant and his immediate attention was given to Leslie. Helen stood with her husband's hand clasped in here: with a calmness which was more affecting than the most violent agitation could have been. Bruised as Leslie was, there was no wound to be found. The surgeon placed a glass before his lips then exclaimed, with astonishment, "he still lives!" "He still lives!" The effect of joy is often more acute than that of grief. Helen gazed for a moment wildly round; then sank on the floor in a state of insensibility. Hours passed before she recovered her consciousness. When she did, she found that it was not a dream. Leslie still lived. The shot which had struck him down was found imbedded in the Bible which he had but a moment before thrown on the table, and opened at that. But had it not been for the timely assistance of his wife, he must have perished. He was saved almost by a miracle from being crushed to death. Fortunately, however, the spot on which he fell was hollow; and he is still alive.

The incidents of this sketch are strictly true. Those who have visited —— must have seen the small Bible which is regarded by the family with the feelings of the deepest reservation. It is still kept under a case, and will for ever perpetuate the heroism of the soldier's bride at Waterloo.

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In the grief of that moment had broken.

A TURK'S NOTIONS OF ENGLAND.

The Aga now gave me more of his company than suited with my present humor or avocations; but he was a learned man, and peculiarly well versed in geography; and his notions were replete with the license which seemed legitimately to belong to the ruler of the vale of the Muses. One day that he was sitting in my little box, with his four inseparable companions, he treated us to his views respecting England, the character of which may be appreciated from the following specimen:—"All the salt water in the world belongs to England, and all the fresh water to Turkey; because the fresh water flows through the land, and is only of use to give cattle to drink, and water fields." "But," observed Albanian, who was standing against the door post, "has England, then, no fields nor horses to water? or do the horses drink seawater?" "Man of the mountains," exclaimed the Aga, his convexitions and his dignity equally insulted, "don't you know, that England has neither fields nor horses?" The Albanian looked at me, I said to him, "why don't you answer the Aga?" So the Arnout, after a moment's hesitation, and with the air of an examiner in the schools, looking the Aga full in the face, and twisting his chin, said, "What is England?" This was a home question, which perfectly per-

Farmers' Department.

FEEDING OF COWS.

Respected Sir—Herewith I forward you, by my friend J. W. A. long communication on Feed-Cows, which, should it be too long, to publish entire, you may (much deinem Gutschten) according to your judgment abridge.

In my opinion there is one important part which is almost universally kept out of sight in feeding cows—the health of the organ which has to digest and convert the food into such a state as to give healthful nourishment to the system or body. If the same attention were paid to this point as there is to the quality of food, the Cow, the pulse is the rich man's friend, would always be healthy, and yield liberally the supply of milk. May forget to pay attention to this point, and direct their efforts to increase the lactiferous (milk giving) powers of this animal. This is a gross mistake.

Not that I believe we should pay no attention. If these two are attended to, the feeding of milch cows, and neat cattle in general, is plain and simple. With judicious management in feeding the mangle wurtzel, ruta baga, &c. in winter and summer, we may greatly improve the lactiferous powers of the cow, if we do not lose sight of the well established truth, that both the stomach and udders are limited in power and that great care must be taken not to overload the stomach with too much food, nor the udder with too great a quantity of blood.

It is well observed by a certain writer, that there exists an intimate connection between the udder and stomach, so that when the latter is too much food, nor the udder with too great a quantity of blood.

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Lest you might, on the other hand, stint your cows, and feed them so sparingly, you find, nothing is gained by stinting any kind of cattle, nothing is a milch cow; for one that is well fed will keep her flesh, and yield twice as much milk as one that is kept indifferently.

I shall conclude my letter on this subject, has said much in these words:

"Come, kind man, give the Cow her food,
By little, and often—but let it be good."

If this rule be properly attended to, and the cow kept perfectly clean, the result will be, your cow will give much and good milk, and breed fine calves. Be careful to give your cow good pure water. Filthy or impure water should by all means be avoided. Perhaps nothing has injured good cows more than impure water.—Ponds are frequently certain causes of abortion, or shipping of the calf. In short it does frequently engender bad udders, scouring, &c.—*Practical Farmer.*

From a work entitled, "The Complete System of Modern Husbandry, by R. W. Dickerson, M. D."

In this work, M. L'Abbe Tepeir's use of lime is much approved. It is also stated that the use of brine, stirring the seed wheat into it, and skimming of those that swim, is a sure preventive.

For more than thirty years the writer of this article has prepared his seed wheat with brine and lime, and has never had smutty wheat on his farm. There is a little variation in the use of the lime, some prefer slaking it in water, a *strong* brine—pour in the wheat slow, and skim off the kernels that swim, and stir the wheat until the kernels cease to rise; then weaken the brine with water, putting one or even two parts of water to one of brine, and let the wheat remain from one to fifteen hours. The seed was then taken from the brine, put in a heap on the barn floor, and good quick-lime, slaked for the purpose, was thrown on the heap, and mixed with a shovel until every grain was white with lime.

Various attempts have been made to show the cause of smut, but the difference of opinion is so great, and even contrary, that the question is unsettled. A *further* enquiry, that the question is unsettled. A *further* enquiry, that the question is unsettled. A *further* enquiry